ARCHER & ARMSTRONG #1: "SONS OF PERDITION"

Complete Script, THIRD DRAFT -- April 19, 2012

By Fred Van Lente / © 2012 Valiant

ONE

GENERAL NOTE: Throughout this Sumerian sequence, while there are some nods to historical accuracy, it is clear from the design that we are dealing with a pre-Cataclysm, pre-historical society far advanced than our own; they're using Kirby-style mythic hyper-tech.

Some good reference for historical Sumer regardless:

Sumerian Garb (& City) Ref.: http://arcturi.com/AncientAliens/sumeriansandaliens.html

Good Historical Sumerian Warrior Ref.: http://a-world-at-war.tumblr.com/page/2

Sumerian weapons Ref (2nd picture): http://lnakasone2010hovanoc7.wikispaces.com/Labors

Panel 1: Inside an ancient Sumerian temple, ten thousand years ago. Gloomy, moody lighting. CU - ARAM ANNI-PADDA, a/k/a Armstrong several million beers ago, looking more like Conan or Gilgamesh — in fact, a *dead ringer* for Gilgamesh.

For the opening of this page, we have tight shots so it's hard to tell the background, or where we are.

1. ARAM:	Gilad would not ***want*** this, Brother.
2. ARAM:	He was always the most ***noble*** of we three.

Panel 2: Across the gloomy room, IVAR ANNI-PADDA, wiping his sword. Ivar is dressed *somewhat* like a Sumerian priest we've seen in what art that's been preserved from that time period. But it's clear from your designs that we've entered High Jack Kirby Territory here, where it also looks like Ultra-Tech armor — that the Pre-Flood, Pre-Cataclysm city of Ur was a metropolis of super-science almost indistinguishable from magic.

Ivar Ref.: http://wiki.valiantentertainment.com/index.php/Ivar_Anni-Padda

3. IVAR:	So he was, Aram.
4. IVAR:	He was the ***youngest***. That was his ***prerogative***.

MORE

ONE, CON'D

Panel 3: GILAD ANNI-PADDA lies on his funeral bier, little more than a raised sandstone slab. He is wearing white robes, hands crossed across his chest. In a call-out to *The Epic of Gilgamesh* (like so many things in this scene), a single MAGGOT crawls out of his right nostril.

Ref.: http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Eternal_Warrior

4. IVAR (OFF): And look where it ***got*** him.

Panel 4: Ivar turns toward Aram, standing in the gloom across the funeral bier. Behind him is darkness — we can't see what's behind him.

5. IVAR: ***I*** am eldest. It is left to me to make the ***difficult*** choices.

6. IVAR: And I have ***decided***.

7. IVAR: We use ***The Boon*** to revive him.

Panel 5: Aram advances, trying to confront Ivar — but he's STOPPED by guards restrain him/crossing swords in front of him! Clearly something has gone very wrong here.

8. ARAM: And kill—

9. ARAM: —get your damn hands ***off*** me—

11. ARAM: —kill how many ***more*** in the process?!

TWO

Panel 1: Ivar gets in Aram's face.

1. IVAR: How many has Gilad ***saved*** in defense of this city?

2. IVAR: He ***died*** bringing back that infernal machine for king and country!

Panel 2: Angle on the KING OF UR and his bald-headed, robed ADVISORS — All DEAD, slaughtered in the corner! Must be why Ivar was wiping off his sword…

3. IVAR: The old fool should have known better than to keep us from ***using*** it.

Panel 3: Aram, angry, but pained, pleading with his brother.

4. ARAM: Ivar. Ivar. ***Listen*** to me. This isn't ***like*** you. Grief has curdled your mind.

5. ARAM: I miss Gilad ***too***. More than anything.

Panel 4: Aram yells at Ivar as he walks toward a glowing doorway — the outside, perhaps?

6. ARAM: ***But we don't know what will happen when we turn that thing on!***

7. ARAM: Or if it even works on ***humans!***

8. IVAR: Ah, Aram.

9. IVAR: That's always been your problem, hasn't it?

Panel 5: CU - Ivar turns toward us (Aram), backlit by the doorway, smiling wanly.

10. IVAR: You have no ***faith***.

THREE

Panel 1: Ivar steps outside, throwing his arms out, addressing off-panel multitudes.

1. IVAR (BURST): ***PEOPLE OF UR!***

Panel 2: PULL BACK - HUGE PANEL - IVAR and the Temple are atop the mighty ZIGGURAT OF UR, surrounded by the people of the city:
http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Great_Ziggurat_of_Ur

2. IVAR (BURST): YOUR HEROES HAVE RETURNED TRIUMPHANT FROM THE FARAWAY!

Panel 3: On top of the Ziggurat, Ivar gestures to THE BOON, a machine that is at once both primitive and high-tech, complicated to look at because it is made up of so many "Simple Machines" as described by the ancient thinkers:
http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/File:Table_of_Mechanicks,_Cyclopaedia,_Volume_2.png

Basically, this is a device for absorbing and redistributing the lifeforce of thousands if not millions of human beings. Its central feature is a large, crystal CELESTIAL SPHERES currently SURGING with arcane energies as the BELIEF of the people around it power it to maximum intensity.

3. IVAR (OFF, BURST): AND BROUGHT BACK ITS BOON!

4. IVAR (OFF, BURST): MUST ETERNAL LIFE BE FOR GODS ALONE?!

5. IVAR (OFF, BURST): I SAY—

FOUR

Panel 1: Inside the temple by the bier, Aram bursts FREE of his captors, knocking them back!

1. ARAM (BURST): ***NO!***

Panel 2: Drawing two swords, one GOLD, one SILVER, — either by his own side or by stealing the guards' — he dispatches them with wide slashes from each.

2. SFX: SKSSHHHH

3. GUARD: ggrrrggll

Panel 3: Aram dashes outside toward Ivar, both bloody swords drawn.

4. ARAM: ***IVAR!***

Panel 4: BIG PANEL as Ivar reaches behind him to turn on The Boon. Aram breaks free of the guards, leaping up into the air, two-handed sword raised — a moment caught in time —

5. ARAM (BURST): ***STOP!***

6. IVAR: Too late, Brother.

Panel 5: SMALL INSET: Ivar's hand rotates a handle in the center of the Boon, attached to a series of gears that look like the famous "Antikythera mechanism": http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Antikythera_mechanism

7. SFX: ***krrk—KLK***

8. IVAR (OFF): Too

FIVE

Panel 1: PULL BACK — A massive SHOCKWAVE radiates out from the Boon, engulfing it, Ivar, Gilead and everything else atop the pyramid in PURE WHITE and blasting Aram backwards, the sword flying out of his hand.

1. THE BIBLE: And all flesh died that moved upon the earth,

Panel 2: PULL BACK - The SHOCKWAVE engulfs the pyramid and radiates outward across Ur, flattening the city with a force that dwarfs nuclear weapons.

2. THE BIBLE: birds, cattle beasts, all swarming creatures that swarm upon the earth, and every man;

3. THE BIBLE: everything on the dry land in whose nostrils was the breath of life died.

Panel 3: PULL BACK TO OUTER SPACE — The shockwave radiates out from Mesopotamia (or Turkey, depending which archeologist you ask) and is visible from orbit … and shows no sign of retracting any time soon!

4. THE BIBLE: He blotted out every living thing that was upon the face of the ground, man and animals and creeping things and birds of the air;

5. THE BIBLE: they were blotted out from the earth.

6. THE BIBLE: *Genesis, Chapter 7, Verses 21, 22 & 23.*

SIX

Panel 1: Pull back from a sand-covered DIORAMA of the destroyed Ziggurat of Ur, an Egyptian pyramid, a Mayan statue, etc., all marked "HEATHEN CULTURES." A chubby FAT KID about 12 or so has his face pressed against the glass, peering at it.

1. JAGGED FLOATER: *…and so it was written that the Lord destroyed the wicked sinning cultures of ancient times — **Ur!** Egypt! The Mayans! — who refused to hear His Holy Word.*

2. JAGGED FLOATER: *Do you think **America** is safe from His wrath, just because we have the HD and the i-Whatzit and the **Dot-Com?** Think **again!***

3. FAT MOM (OFF): **Rush! C'mon!**

Panel 2: Pull back further: The Fat Kid is yanked away from the case by his FAT MOM who is following the MEGAFAT DAD motoring along on a scooter toward the nearest food court. In the background is the entrance to some kind of cavemen-riding-giant raptors ride.

4. FAT MOM: Move your fanny!

5. FAT KID: Noooo — I wanna ride ***dinosaurs*** like they did in ***caveman*** times!

6. FAT MOM: I ***said*** we're goin' to the ***food court*** and that's ***final!*** Your daddy's gotta raise his ***blood sugar!***

7. FAT MOM: You ***want*** them to take his ***other foot?***

Panel 3: Pull back further - WIDE ANGLE of the PROMISED LAND, a Christian-themed amusement park with a creationist bent. We see the aforementioned Dinosaur Ride, some kind of creationist it's-a-small-world sit-down ride called *"The 7th Day Experience",* a Cinderella's palace labeled *"Heaven on Earth"* and a shooting gallery where you get to hit cartoon Satans, Osama bin Ladens and Barack Obamas. The Fatties recede toward the grease smoke of the Food Court.

8. BLURB: ***Ten thousand years later. Adams County, Ohio.***

9. FAT MOM: You can do the ***educational rides*** after ***Second Lunch!***

10. JAGGED FLOATER: *Reverend and Mrs. Congresswoman Archer wish everyone a blessed day at the **Promised Land** Supervised Fun Center and Creationist Learning Park!*

11. JAGGED FLOATER: *3 o'clock in the Good News Theater…*

SEVEN

Panel 1: Angle down to a grate near the base of the nearest dinosaur, where we dimly see the dome of Archer's head.

1. JAGGED FLOATER (SMALL, MUFFLED): …***Darwin the Chimp*** stars in ***Junk Science Follies…***

2. JOE BOB (iN GRATE): You ready, son?

Panel 2: In the center of a dimly-lit arena *beneath* the main level of the park, OBADIAH ARCHER stands ready, waiting.

3. ARCHER: I am, Father.

4. JOE BOB (OFF): Good.

Panel 3: Doorways pop open all around him and ENEMIES rush out him — boys and girls his age (18-ish) of a variety of races … and they've been raised since a very young age to kill Archer in this final test! No yelling, no histrionics — everyone is silent and serious as the grave.

5. REV. ARCHER (OFF): This is your final test.

6. SFX: ***chank chank chank*** (etc.)

7. SFX: ***RRRAAAAHHHHHHHH***

Panel 4: One of Archer's stepbrothers launches himself at him in a kick from *savate,* the French kickboxing tradition: http://www.kombatarts.com/Classes/Savate/salem.jpg

8. STEPBROTHER: You're going down, *"Obie!"*

9. STEPBROTHER: The holy mission's gonna be mine!

Panel 5: Narrow sliver of a panel — Archer's eyes narrow as he registers what's about to happen here.

10. ARCHER: I wish that could be true, Jean-Paul…

Panel 6: Archer, as will be ultimately revealed, is a Harbinger with the psionic power of what we're calling "Morphogenetic Reflexes" (http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Morphogenetic_field) that allows him to immediately to adapt from sight any physical skill he sees performed in front of him.

I'm open to exploring different ways of representing this in comics form, but my first impulse is to have panels-within-panels that are like POLAROID SNAPSHOTS — showing he's captured these images — with explanatory copy underneath in the style of the *1954 Globe Book Encyclopedia,* for reasons that will shortly become obvious.

So what does that mean for this panel? Well, STAT panel 3, except replace the STEPBROTHER with an OUTLINE, like a generic mannequin, and encase it in a Polaroid-Shaped frame (insert "Hey Ya" jokes here) with the following copy beneath it:

11. ENCYCLOPEDIA COPY: **savate** [French, *sa•vat*] a/k/a *boxe français* is a traditional French martial art that mixes Western boxing techniques with powerful, graceful kicks

EIGHT

Panel 1: Small inset panel — Archer's fist expertly blocks the attacker's ankle in classic savate style: http://www.fightingarts.com/content00/graphics/Savate03.gif

1. SFX: ***CHWOK***

Panel 2: Pull back - wider angle - Archer executes the exact same maneuver as the savate expert just tried, except he lands it perfectly, knocking him for a loop.

Also, with this wider angle we see more kids surrounding Archer — some of them have spears, nunchucks and other martial arts weapons. They're on top of him now!

2. ARCHER: ...but you are just not ***good enough.***

3. SFX: ***THWAKK***

4. STEPBROTHER: Unngh!

Panel 3: Archer spins around and drops two hands to the floor to avoid an enemy's swinging sword, while simultaneously taking out MARY-MARIA, his beautiful Brazilian stepsister who he's been in love with since he was young (much more on her shortly) using capoeira, Brazil's homegrown is-it-a-dance-or-a-martial-art marital art: http://prettydarkthings.tumblr.com/post/879767016/capoeira-an-afro-brazilian-art-form-that-combines

5. ENCYCLOPEDIA COPY: **capoeira** [Portuguese, kapu•ejɾɐ] is a martial art/dance style invented by the descendants of African slaves in Brazil

6. ARCHER: Or you, Mary-Maria.

7. SFX: ***WHUDD***

Panel 4: Back on his feet in a flash, Archer drops and disarms the sword attacker with a brutal *krav maga* takedown. Elbow to the face! http://www.coloradokravmaga.com/Resources/Darren%20Michael%20Gun%20S.gif

8. ENCYCLOPEDIA COPY: **krav maga** [Hebrew, */krɑːv mə•gɑː/]* is a self-defense system developed by the Israel Defense Forces, based on the teachings of

9. ARCHER: Forgive me, Jacob.

10. SFX: ***KRNNCH***

11. JACOB: *Gggg*

Panel 5: Archer takes out his remaining attackers with a spinning scissor kick: http://photos.indystar.com/photos/2009/7/17/287697/immersive.jpg?template=indypaws

12. ENCYCLOPEDIA COPY: **taekwondo** [Korean, *[tʰɛ•kwʌn•do*] is the national sport of South Korea and means "the way of hand and foot"

13. ARCHER: Kim. Dae.

14. SFX: ***KRAK WHAK***

15. ARCHER: If only there was another way.

NINE

Panel 1: Wide angle - big panel - Archer has defeated all his brothers and sisters, who lie scattered around him.

1. REV ARCHER (OFF): I … I am overcome with emotion.

2. REV ARCHER (OFF): Our darling boy.

Panel 2: REVEREND JOE-BOB ARCHER and CONGRESSWOMAN THELMA ARCHER, Obadiah's parents, descend the staircase into the arena. Joe-Bob claps; Thelma just stares forward with a glassy-eyed grin.

3. REV ARCHER: You were ***born special.*** We always ***knew*** that.

3. THELMA ARCHER: Ever since you were little, if you ***saw*** something, you could ***do*** it.

Panel 3: Archer kneels in a praying position before his parents.

4. REV. ARCHER: We believed in our heart of hearts ***you*** were the Chosen One to complete ***The Dominion's*** sacred plan…

5. REV. ARCHER: …and now you have ***proven*** it.

6. ARCHER: Tell me what the mission ***is***, Father. I want that more than ***anything***.

Panel 4: Detail on the elder Archers.

7. REV. ARCHER: "The ***man of sin*** is revealed, the ***son of perdition***, who opposes and exalts ***himself*** above all that is called God or that is ***worshiped***."

8. THELMA ARCHER: So it is written.

Panel 5: Pan to Thelma. Zoom in as she fishes for something in her handbag.

9. REV. ARCHER (OFF): Our Dominion teaches that Earth cannot become ***Paradise*** until The Man of Sin is ***destroyed***.

10. REV. ARCHER (OFF): You will ***smite*** him with the sword of the ***righteous***, Obadiah.

Panel 6: Small panel - CU - Archer's intense face.

11. ARCHER: Where ***is*** he, Father? ***Tell*** me!

12. REV. ARCHER (OFF): Our agents have found him in that rotting isle of ***elite corruption*** that has ruined this country.

13. ARCHER: ***New York***?

MORE

NINE, CON'D

Panel 7: Reverse angle - back to Thelma - as she removes from her handbag the FULCRUM of THE BOON — it looks just like the wedge-like piece hanging around the neck of the woman in this statue commemorating the Haitian revolution:



14. THELMA: I am afraid so, my boy.

15. THELMA: And you will ***track*** him with ***this***.

TEN

Panel 1: Later. Archer's POV: The gates of Promised Land swing open, showing a whole, wide world beyond it. (Well, actually a bus stop, but you get the idea.)

1. ARCHER (OFF): Well.

2. ARCHER (OFF): I guess this is ***it.***

Panel 2: Reverse angle - Archer, grinning through his fear, his duffle bag slung over his back, preparing for his life's great journey. He's simultaneously excited and terrified to leave. (Design note: His crossbow is inside the duffle bag, as Greyhound generally frowns on the open brandishing of weapons. Trust me, I *know.)*

3. ARCHER: I am going to miss every single one of you.

Panel 3: Standing nearby are twenty-one of Archer's twenty-two adopted brothers and sisters, of various races, ages, and, er, genders. All of them sport black eyes, slings, bandages, etc., from the battle on the previous pages.

4. ARCHER (OFF): Duffy.

5. ARCHER (OFF): Kofi.

6. ARCHER (OFF): Pedro.

7. ARCHER (OFF): T-Bone.

8. ARCHER (OFF): Kim.

9. ARCHER (OFF): Little Jakey.

10. ARCHER (OFF): Svetlana.

11. ARCHER (OFF): Johan.

12. ARCHER (OFF): Jean-Paul.

13. ARCHER (OFF): Iskandar.

14. ARCHER (OFF): Crystal.

15. ARCHER (OFF): Mercedes.

16. ARCHER (OFF): Anish.

17. ARCHER (OFF): Suri.

18. ARCHER (OFF): Dae.

19. ARCHER (OFF): Big Jacob.

MORE

TEN, CON'D

Panel 3, con'd

20. ARCHER (OFF): Rivka.

21. ARCHER (OFF): Bort.

22. ARCHER (OFF): Tsuyoshi.

23. ARCHER (OFF): Spiros.

24. ARCHER (OFF): Barry.

25. STEP-SIBLING #1: Good ***luck***, Obie!

26. STEP-SIBLING #2: Be ***careful*** out there! We'll be praying for you!

27. STEP-SIBLING #3: We're ***glad*** it was you!

Panel 4: Archer turns to the twenty-second sibling, the dark-skinned Brazilian Mary-Maria, for whom he pines with The Love That Dares Not Speak Its Name, and takes her hands in his.

28. ARCHER: And Mary-Maria… ***You*** I will write ***every day***.

29. MARY-MARIA: You'd ***better***. And I'll write as often as I ***can***.

30. MARY-MARIA: Mom and Dad have … ***plans*** for me. And they're ***extensive.***

31. ARCHER: You are the only one of us who's been ***outside*** — any ***advice*** for a neophyte?

Panel 5: Mary-Maria and Archer embrace, her face facing us. She is kind and beautiful.

32. MARY-MARIA: You mean when I ***ran away?*** You don't have to use ***euphemisms***, Obie. Especially not now.

33. MARY-MARIA: Just remember … the world is a lot ***stranger*** than you ***think***.

34. ARCHER: Want me to bring you back anything?

ELEVEN

Panel 1: Similar shot — but Mary-Maria has abruptly grabbed Archer's cheeks in her hands and stares into his face with an intense desperation.

1. MARY-MARIA (LOW): ***No***.

2. MARY-MARIA (LOW): Don't be ***weak***, like I was. I ***had*** my chance--I got ***out***.

3. MARY-MARIA (LOW): But the world ***scared*** me, so I ran back with my tail between my legs.

Panel 2: Detail on Archer. He doesn't understand what he's hearing.

4. MARY-MARIA (LOW, OFF): You mean ***everything*** to me, Obie. So promise me, when you leave this place…

5. MARY-MARIA (LOW, OFF): …you'll ***never come back.***

6. ARCHER: B-but…

Panel 3: She presses a leather-bound JOURNAL with a pen attached to it into Archer's hands.

7. MARY-MARIA (OFF): Here's something to take ***with*** you, to ***remember*** me by… it's not ***much***…

Panel 4: Mary-Maria can't hold back her tears, so she takes off, a few of her sisters trailing behind her. Archer reaches an arm toward her, but doesn't move.

8. MARY-MARIA: …but it's all I've ***got***…

9. ARCHER: …

Panel 5: Archer (in foreground) turns toward a standee near the wall next to the gate. It depicts Promised Land's mascots, FLO THE DINOSAUR and CAVEWOMAN ANDY. They're waving goodbye at us over the copy **"IT'S BEEN REAL!"**

This is our somewhat oblique reference to Flo & Andromeda from the original *A&A* series: http://www.comics.org/issue/52115/cover/4/

10. ARCHER: Dinosaur Flo.

11. ARCHER: Cavewoman Andy.

Panel 6: Archer leaves the arches of the Promise Land for the first time — and he certainly acts like it will be the last.

12. ARCHER: See you when I ***see*** you…

TWELVE

Panel 1: A Greyhound bus barrels through the Meadowlands toward Manhattan.

LETTERING NOTE: Please give Archer's journal a HANDWRITTEN font.

1. ARCHER'S JOURNAL: Dear Mary-Maria,

2. ARCHER'S JOURNAL: See? I am already putting your journal to good use!

3. ARCHER'S JOURNAL: If I fall in my quest, and you, or any of our other brothers and sisters must step up to replace me

Panel 2: Archer writes in journal Mary-Maria gave him scrunched up against the window of the bus.

4. ARCHER'S JOURNAL: they will have the benefits of my experience, and will know beforehand the strange sights and sounds and smells of the secular world.

Panel 3: Pull back: Passed out in the seat next to Archer is a huge fat hairy old dude, who fell asleep eating a gyro, which is still in his hand, white sauce and onions spilled out across his "NEW YORK FUCKIN CITY" sweatshirt (said food obscuring the third word on it).

5. ARCHER'S JOURNAL: Particularly the smells.

6. ARCHER'S JOURNAL: For they are nasty.

Panel 4: Archer steps out of the glass doors of PORT AUTHORITY, duffle bag in one hand, and looks up at the amazing sights all around him; locals trying to get to work shoot him dirty looks as he blocks the sidewalk traffic.

7. ARCHER'S JOURNAL: Mom and Pop always taught us Manhattan is a rat's nest of Liberal Marxist Atheist Islamist Nazis who want to rob us of our freedom by making us dependent on government handouts.

8. ARCHER'S JOURNAL: And that is 100% true.

Panel 5: Wide angle - Archer looks at the splendiferous blinking cacophony that is TIMES SQUARE — it looks pretty much just like "Promised Land," except there's a marquee for "MOVIE: THE MUSICAL" and "BOTOX CAFE" and there's a sign with The Situation's abs on it called "JERSEY STORE."
http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/File:Times_Square,_New_York_City_(HDR).jpg

9. ARCHER'S JOURNAL: But in many ways Times Square is also a lot like home.

10. ARCHER'S JOURNAL: After all, our home is an amusement park.

Incidentally, I took a walk through Times Square to take reference photos. Promise me you'll get this guy in here somewhere:



THIRTEEN

Panel 1: Archer walks the streets. Three or four people pass him, staring at their cell phones, talking into their cell phones, face timing with somebody's image on the screen of their cell phone.

1. ARCHER'S JOURNAL: The difference is the Elite has no idea how to enjoy what is has.

Panel 2: Archer frowns up at a massive Times Square BILLBOARD of a naked woman holding an open can of catfood. Totally gauche and inappropriate ("MY PUSSY LIKES TO FEED").

2. ARCHER'S JOURNAL: Everything is drenched in sex. And I do mean everything.

3. ARCHER'S JOURNAL: But it is just another commodity to be acquired, drained, then discarded.

Panel 3: The famous "NUDIST COWBOY" tries to wave Archer over for a picture. He flees, cupping one hand over his face so he doesn't have to look at the guy.

4. ARCHER'S JOURNAL: They want to matter so badly. They wear their desperate neediness on their sleeves.

5. ARCHER'S JOURNAL: How can they think they're so superior to those of us in the Real America when they're all so clearly miserable with their own lot?

MORE

THIRTEEN, CON'D

Panel 4: Archer basks in the glow of the enormous neon flag on the side of the US Armed Forces Recruitment Station:



6. ARCHER'S JOURNAL:	They have forgotten how to open their eyes and see that God has already given them all they could desire.
7. ARCHER'S JOURNAL:	Even here, in this capital of earthly Pride, where everything around me has been fashioned by the sinful hand of Man, I am confronted and astonished by beauty.

Panel 5: CU - the red glow on Archer's face. He smiles.

8. ARCHER'S JOURNAL:	The world truly is a wonderful place.
9. ARCHER'S JOURNAL:	And I can't help but give thanks for it every day.

FOURTEEN

Panel 1: Archer stands, holding the glowing Fulcrum, before SOWS & COWS in the meat-packing district, a trendy biker bar with a row of Harleys parked in front of it. This place is based on the real-life Hogs & Heifers, whose web site has an extensive photo gallery you'll find useful: http://hogsandheifers.com/

COLOR NOTE: NIGHT has fallen by this point.

1. ARCHER (SMALL): Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death

Panel 2: Narrow panel - Archer, scared but determined, pushes his way inside.

2. ARCHER (SMALL): I will fear ***no*** evil, for Thou art ***with*** me

3. ARCHER (SMALL): Thy rod and Thy staff, they ***comfort*** me

4. ANGE (OFF): G'wan, Bruce, lay off!

Panel 3: Reverse angle - ANGE, a biker chick, and her beau are struggling, both drunk out of their minds. He appears to be trying to pull her bra off through her shirt, and she doesn't want him to. Their biker buddies watch and giggle; they all had one too many about twelve beers ago.

5. ANGE: For the last time, I'm not gonna do it!

6. BRUCE: C'mon, Babe — it's tradition!

7. ANGE: Don't Babe me! I paid ***sixty bucks*** for this bra at the Victoria's Secret!

Panel 4: Angle over the Sows & Cows bar: It's covered in, well, bras: http://citynoise.org/article/2414

8. ANGE (OFF, BURST): ***I'm not STAPLING it to the frickin' BAR!***

Panel 5: CU - Small panel - Archer, shocked!

9. BRUCE (OFF): I'll buy you ***another***, baby—

Panel 6: In the foreground, Archer's hand holds up the FULCRUM -- and it sends a beam of LIGHT directly into Bruce's back -- where painted on his leather jacket is a SATAN in classic Tarot Card fashion: http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/The_Devil_(Tarot_card) The copy underneath is *Sons of Perdition.* (If at all possible, show Armstrong and his babes [qv end of Fifteen] seated directly to the right of Bruce -- the gag being that the Fulcrum is really picking out Armstrong but Archer will mistakenly attack Bruce instead.)

10. BRUCE: --who ***knows*** when the ***Sons of Perdition*** make it to the ***Big Apple*** again?

11. ANGE: I said ***no!*** Let go or I'll knock your teeth out!

FIFTEEN

Panel 1: Archer suddenly hurtles into the panel with a flying kick, taking out Bruce in a single shot!

1. ARCHER: Get behind me, Satan.

2. SFX: ***WAKK***

Panel 2: Archer, still poised for battle, pulls Ange toward him.

3. ARCHER: You are safe for the moment, ma'am.

4. ARCHER: But I would clear out before things get … ***untoward***.

5. ANGE: Why you…

Panel 3: Ange cold-cocks Archer right in the nose!

6. ANGE (BURST): ***…piece of ****ing ****! I look like a "MA'AM" to you?***

7. ANGE (BURST): ***I'M GONNA **** YOU IN YOUR **** WITH YOUR OWN *****!!***

8. SFX: ***KRAKKK***

9. ARCHER: *Nggk*

Panel 4: BIG PANEL - WIDE ANGLE - While the bikers pile on Archer in the background, in the foreground, ARMSTRONG, who was sitting just on the other side of the bikers from the Fulcrum beam, sits drinking with two hotties (or perhaps one hotty and one heifer -- your call, Clayton) hanging on either side of him -- both of whom have voluntarily pulled off their bras and are holding them up for the HOT BARTENDER, MELISSA (who may very well be only an arm or a silhouette in this shot), who's having none of that, though. The bar before Armstrong is covered in empty shot glasses, showing how much Armstrong and friends have put back.

10. BIKER (BURST): ***S.O.P.! GET SOME!***

11. ARMSTRONG: Hey, Melissa! My two new best friends have offered up two more ***trophies*** for--

12. MELISSA: ***Armstrong!*** We got a ***scene*** you gotta ***squash*** before it develops into a ***situation***.

13. ARMSTRONG: Melissa, Melissa … *Mater saeva Cupidinum*— "***Forbear***, cruel mother of soft desires—"

14. MELISSA: ***No!*** No more poetry! You're the bouncer! ***Bounce!*** Or you're permanently ***cut off!***

SIXTEEN

Panel 1: Grinning, Armstrong pushes his stool back from the bar.

1. ARMSTRONG: Well.

2. ARMSTRONG: When you put it ***that*** way…

3. SFX (STOOL LEGS): ***skrrnnnk***

Panel 2: Armstrong wades into the fray, hurling bikers off Archer like rag dolls with his super-strength.

4. ARMSTRONG: "The ***single fist*** lifted and ready,

5. ARMSTRONG: "Or the open asking hand held out and ***waiting.***

Panel 3: Archer and Armstrong fight bikers side-by-side together!

6. ARMSTRONG: "***Choose:***

7. ARMSTRONG: "For we meet by ***one***…

Panel 4: Wide angle - Armstrong turns as a MASSIVELY HUGE BIKER looms over him, cracking his knuckles.

8. ARMSTRONG (SMALL): "…or the ***other***…"

Panel 5: Small inset — A queasy Armstrong addresses us while Archer, blood cascading from his nose, staggers to his feet behind.

9. ARMSTRONG: ***Carl Sandburg*** first read that to me in a tavern on ***North Hermitage*** the night the Red Sox won the ***eighth*** game of the World Series against the New York ***baseball*** Giants.

10. ARMSTRONG: Know what I >*hurp!*< said when I heard it?

SEVENTEEN

Panel 1: Armstrong PROJECTILE VOMITS right into the Big Biker's face. (This shouldn't be disgusting that someone drops the book here and now -- it should be more of a Monty Python comedic effect -- perhaps focus more on Archer's repulsed reaction?)

1. SFX: ***HHHHRRRRLLLLLLLGGGGGG***

Panel 2: The Big Biker runs SCREAMING away from Armstrong and toward the exit. His head and entire upper body is covered in vomit.

2. BIG BIKER: *AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHH*

3. ARMSTRONG: Nah, that's not it.

4. ARMSTRONG: You think of it, can you remind ***me?***

5. ARMSTRONG (SMALL): Stood up ***way*** too quick… ***Whoo!***

Panel 3: BIG PANEL: Archer and Armstrong, pressed back-to-back, mop up the remaining bikers.

6. ARCHER: Thank you for coming to my aid, Mister—

7. ARMSTRONG: They call me Armstrong these days, kid.

8. ARCHER: I am Obadiah Archer -- quite an ***accomplished*** martial artist, I swear, Mr. Armstrong.

9. ARCHER: Had my assailant been ***male*** she could not have ***surprised*** me like that. But I have sworn never to strike an innocent ***lady***.

10. ARMSTRONG: If you'd decked ***that*** chick your record woulda remained ***spotless***.

11. ARMSTRONG: Her ***track marks*** had ***stretch marks***.

12. ARMSTRONG: I'm gonna take a wild guess you're not from ***around*** these parts.

Panel 4: Archer holds up THE FULCRUM -- and a beam shoots right into Armstrong's forehead! His eyes bug wide!

13. ARCHER: No— I have been trained since ***birth*** to slay--

14. ARMSTRONG: ***WHOA!*** Hell'd you get ***that***, kid?!

EIGHTEEN

Panel 1: Extreme CU: Archer comes to a realization.

1. ARCHER: Wait --

2. ARCHER: ***You're--***

Panel 2: BIG PANEL: Archer leaps in the air -- spinning kicks Armstrong!

3. ARCHER (BURST): ***YOU ARE HE!***

4. ARMSTRONG: *Ooooof!*

Panel 3: Archer sends a flurry of punches Armstrong's way, but he blocks them as best he can.

5. ARMSTRONG: Hey! Cut it out, Archer! Lemme ***explain*** a thing or two to you!

6. ARCHER: You taught me your name! How ***dare*** you!

7. ARCHER: ***You are not to be named!***

8. ARMSTRONG: Look -- *nnfff* -- I'm too ***strong!*** You can't ***hurt*** me--

Panel 4: Armstrong hurls a powerful punch at Archer, but he nimbly dodges out of the way.

9. ARMSTRONG (SMALL): --and ***I*** can't hit ***you***.

10. ARCHER: *Hah!*

11. ARMSTRONG (SMALL): Great.

NINETEEN

Panel 1: A spinning GAS GRENADE smashes through the window of the bar, heading for the center!

1. SFX: ***SKKKKKSSSSSSHHHH***

Panel 2: Archer keeps trying to pummel Armstrong, but both begin to succumb to the effects of the gas filling up the bar.

2. ARCHER (WEAK): N-no…

3. ARCHER (WEAK): Mother… Father…

4. ARCHER (WEAK): I cannot … I ***will*** not…

Panel 3: Archer, Armstrong, bikers and hot chicks alike succumb to the gas, sinking to the floor.

5. ARCHER (WEAK, TRAILING): *…fail…**

Panel 4: Wide angle - big panel - A trio of Clayton's SECT GOONS, armed, visors down, step through the doorway of the bar. Archer and Armstrong like unconscious before them.

NO COPY

TWENTY

Panel 1: Foggy fade-in on Archer coming to on the floor of a large dungeon cell.

1. FLOATER: *Psst!* Hey, Archer! ***Archer!*** You still ***alive?***

Panel 2: Wide angle - A groggy Archer picks himself up off the floor. Armstrong has been chained with CRIMSON FETTERS to the opposite wall in an "X" position, arms and legs splayed out.

2. ARCHER: *Uhhhhh…* Where … ?

3. ARMSTRONG: My guess? Federal Hall -- on ***Wall Street***. I been locked up here a few times over the centuries.

Panel 3: Establishing shot of FEDERAL HALL, with the statue of George Washington on the steps. http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/File:Federal_Hall_front.jpg

4. ARMSTRONG (to steps): Like when ***Washington*** gave his first inaugural address to the rest of his fellow ***Sect*** members on the balcony up there--

Panel 4: Archer leaps up to Armstrong, puts a finger in his face.

5. ARCHER: What? What is ***wrong*** with you? The Founding Fathers were ***heroes***, not members of any ***Sect!***

6. ARMSTRONG: HAH! You're greener than ***grass***! What do you think the ***Freemasons*** are? Washington, Franklin -- that whole ***bunch*** were members!

7. ARMSTRONG: It's the same Sect ***you*** work for -- and captured us! Your employers effed you ***over***, kid!

Panel 5: Archer clamps his hand over Armstrong's mouth and pinches his nose shut.

8. ARCHER: ***Shut up!*** Stop trying to ***confuse*** me with flipping ***bullcorn!***

9. ARCHER: I do not ***work*** for any Sect. I am on a holy mission!

10. ARCHER: I -- I could kill you now -- While you are ***helpless***--

TWENTY-ONE

Panel 1: Profile: Archer steps back, removing his hand.

1. ARCHER: …but I ***won't***.

2. ARMSTRONG: Smart move. Tantric monks taught me how to hold my breath for a ***week***.

3. ARMSTRONG (SMALL): And 23 of my 100 Favorite ***Sex Positions***.

Panel 2: Armstrong trussed up. Leave room for dialogue.

4. ARMSTRONG: The Sect has been hounding me for ***ten thousand years***, trying to get me to tell them where I hid the pieces of ***The Boon***, so no one could ever reconstruct it.

5. ARMSTRONG: They've taken over practically every institution in the world so they can try and get their ***mitts*** on it.

6. ARMSTRONG: That doohickey you used to find ***me?*** That's its ***Fulcrum***. And if your buddies have it, that's bad news -- for everybody.

7. ARMSTRONG: The Boon ended the world that came before ***this*** one -- and it'll do it ***again***.

Panel 3: Archer has removed his belt and is using the claps to pick the lock of the cell door.

8. ARMSTRONG (OFF): Ah … you listened to a ***word*** I've ***said***…?

9. ARCHER: Of course not.

Panel 4: SNAPSHOT VIEW (per Page Seven, last panel): a generic WIREFRAME of a lockpick. Kind of like this: http://www.slidetoplay.com/forums/iphone-games/topic2390.html

10. ENCYCLOPEDIA TYPE: **lock picking** [*lok piking*] is the skill of manipulating the components of a lock device without the original key

11. ARCHER (OFF): You are the Prince of ***Lies***.

Panel 5: Archer opens the cell door. Armstrong is astounded.

12. SFX: ***skrrreeeeeeeeee***

13. ARMSTRONG: Nice! Where'd you pick up the ***larceny?***

14. ARCHER: I have been expertly ***homeschooled***, sir.

15. ARMSTRONG: Uh … ***huh.*** You maybe want to come homeschool ***me*** out of--

Panel 6: Wide angle - profile - as Archer steps in the doorway, he turns and points at Armstrong.

16. ARCHER: No way, José. ***You*** are staying here.

17. ARCHER: ***I*** am going upstairs to find out what is going on.

18. ARCHER: Then I am going to come back here.

19. ARCHER: And then I am going to ***kill you.***

TWENTY-TWO

Panel 1: Archer stealthily creeps along the dungeon corridor.

1. ARMSTRONG (OFF): You're making a ***big mistake***, Archer!

2. ARMSTRONG (OFF): ***ARCHER!!***

Panel 2: Archer turns a corner, and sees two Sect Guards standing at attention at the other end of the hall, their backs to him.

NO COPY

Panel 3: Archer takes out the guards with some ninja-silent kung fu.

NO COPY

Panel 4: As Archer lowers an unconscious guard silently to the ground, he hears a familiar explanation coming from the other side of the gallery on which he's found himself.

3. REV. ARCHER (j, DOWN): This is just ***flipping bullcorn***, that's what this is.

4. ARCHER: ?

Panel 5: Archer peers over the balcony of the gallery, which is the second level of a Greek Revival-style ROTUNDA, like you'd find in a Washington DC government building: Marble floors, Doric columns, etc. -- Except this is the underground lair of THE ONE PERCENT, the band of Mammon-worshippers that run Wall Street.

The One Percent men are dressed in tuxedoes -- think *EYES WIDE SHUT* -- with half-face masks in the shape of gold BEARS and BULLS. They all smoke cigars and have ponytails. Even the black guys.

They are clustered around a giant GOLD PENTAGRAM lit with candles -- but looking above at a flatscreen monitor on which a furious REVEREND and CONGRESSWOMAN ARCHER can be seen.

5. REV. ARCHER (j): ***Bullcorn!*** We're all one ***Sect!*** We're supposed to be working as a ***team!***

6. MRS. ARCHER (j): Obie was the Dominion's ***sacrifice*** -- our prodigal son to ***distract*** or ***destroy*** Aram Anni-Padda--

7. MRS. ARCHER (j): --so we ***could*** then assemble The Boon ***together!***

8. 1%: My apologies, Reverend, Congresswoman…

TWENTY-THREE

Panel 1: Detail on THE ONE PERCENT. Behind them looms a GOLD STATUE of a BULL, like the one on the foot of Broadway:

1. 1%: …but ***The One Percent*** enacts the will of the demon ***Mammon*** on Earth.

2. 1%: And Mammon Our Lord holds one ***golden truth*** above all:

Panel 2: The 1% holds up the glowing FULCRUM so Archer's horrified parents can see on-screen.

3. 1%: ***Greed Is Good.***

4. 1%: We inherited ***The Plane*** the Masons held for centuries. Now we possess ***The Fulcrum***.

5. 1%: Soon the power of the entire ***Boon*** will be ***ours***.

Panel 3: Wide angle - To the 1%'s right is a massive SATELLITE TARGETING MAP OF ATHENS, GREECE (added digitally by colorist?) with a blow-up focus on various targets, like the Parthenon and a gyro.

6. 1%: It is central to our plans to stabilize the ***Euro***.

7. 1%: By blowing up ***Greece***.

8. REV. ARCHER: No! No -- You can keep the boy--

9. CONGRESSWOMAN A.: --just give us back The Fulcrum!

Panel 4: Archer looks down, horrified at how his parents have betrayed him!

10. ARCHER: Mother… Father…

11. ARCHER: ***No***…

12. BLURB: ***Next: DOWN with the ONE PERCENT!***